--Part Three--

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UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

It is often said, by the opponents of woman suffrage, that we have already too large a number of voters, and that government by limited suffrage would show much better results. I wonder whether such people realize what they are saying—whether they know that they are announcing that, in their opinion, a government of, for and by the people is impossible, and that our ideal has been placed too high for our attainment. Universal suffrage, to me, means the right of every man and woman who is mentally able to do so, and who has not forfeited the right by an ill use of it, to say who shall rule them, and what action shall be taken by those rulers upon questions of moment. "Who has not forfeited the right," I say, for the right can be forfeited as can that to liberty, or to almost any other so-called "natural right." In old English common law high treason is partly defined as giving aid and comfort to the King's enemies. With us, where the people have taken the place of the King, there can be no such aid and comfort given to their enemies as through any attempt to debauch the suffrage. The democratic principle demands the life disfranchisement of any one convicted of giving or receiving a bribe to influence the result of an election. The right of a man or woman to self-government is so vital, so sacred, that tampering with it cannot be visited with too heavy penalties. The saying that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty is as true to-day as it ever was, but we are not willing to pay that price, and, therefore, the disgraceful condition of affairs in our cities is what it is to-day. But the fault is not, primarily, with the ignorant masses; it lies with the intelligent voters, the men who should be leaders, but who have willfully discrowned themselves, and then cry out for a limited suffrage, or, in other words, for the benefits of a democratic government without its necessary duties.

It has never, to my knowledge, been suggested that a people's government could be carried on without work or without a great deal of sacrifice. The principle of universal suffrage, like every other high ideal, will not run alone. It carries duties with it, duties which are imperative, and to shirk which is filching benefits without rendering an equivalent. When one hears men deliberately vowing that their private interests will suffer if they perform their public duties, or women pleading against the bestowal of the suffrage lest they lose certain legal privileges which place them on a par with children in their teens, one realizes how far the ideal still is from us, and one looks for the handwriting on the wall: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin"—"thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." Those words were addressed to the monarch who had betrayed his trust. Let us take heed to the warning, ere it be too late.

ELIZABETH BURRILL CURTIS.

Wept Over the Dogs.

Philadelphia Times.

Of the five hundred and more dogs exhibited quite a number are entered by fashionable women of Philadelphia and elsewhere. The owners insist that they shall be combed and washed daily. Some of the kennels are lined with the softest of rugs, and here and there petted darlings repose on satin or softest of down pillows. Two or three attendants were to be seen yesterday with little bags provided with stiff brushes, soft brushes and powder puffs for doggy's toilet, and the pampered pet was burnished until his coat was smooth and shining and his tail curled with pride and satisfaction. Not a few women wept when the time came to bid their pets good night.

As to Bigness.

Chattanooga News.

If Cleveland is bigger than his party it is because he has knocked his party into a cocked hat.

VOICE OF THE PULPIT

POVERTY IS DISAPPEARING BEFORE THE MARCH OF MANKIND.

Rev. Frederick B. Graves, of Boston, Tells How the Race Has Advanced and Predicts the Future.

For ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always.—Matt. xxvi, 11.

It is a position of great weakness, standing on this misinterpreted text, to say that poverty always will exist, and chiefly because it always has. It is of the same class of teaching as that at Drumtochten, "which held that obstrusive prosperity was an irresistible provocation to the higher powers, and that a skillful depreciation of our children was a policy of safety." As it is not wise to assume that selfishness will always characterize men's actions, so it is not wise to assume that poverty will always afflict humanity. They are Siamese twins. Cut the ligament which binds the two together and both perish.

Neither can always hold the race in bondage, else Christianity itself, which is the eternal enemy of evil, is involved in inextricable contradictions.

So, then, if Christ means that there will always be poor, then He means also that He cannot always be with His disciples. He says so plainly. But remembering that He says elsewhere in this same Gospel that He will always be with His disciples, even unto the end of the world, we cannot miss His meaning here. He is talking to them about their relation to Himself while He was still in the body and to the poor they daily met. He practically says:

"The poor are always about you, in Jerusalem, in Galilee and in all Judea, but I shall soon bodily disappear, and annointing will then be no longer possible."

Indeed, I do not doubt that the poor followed the Master and the disciples wherever they went. They hung around them, as we say, for help, for sympathy, for comfort, and, perhaps, for employment. To think of Christ, therefore, looking into the dim vastness of the future, even to the end of time, and giving that little group of disciples the startling information that poverty's specter would always haunt the habitations of men, is impossible.

The information could do them no good, nor could it do the church any. The poor are already in too much antagonism to the church, and are muttering complaints that the untold riches of heaven are too frequently offered them in the pulpit to soothe the ills of this present life. Only real love for Christ and a latent feeling that He has been misrepresented has kept any of the poor in sympathy with the church thus far.

Christ did not offset the miseries of poverty here with the riches of heaven hereafter, but preached a just brotherhood on earth in His kingdom. Concerning this kingdom a distinguished writer recently said: "It was a kingdom of God. It was a kingdom within men. It was a kingdom around men. It was a kingdom in which men lived. It was a kingdom composed of little children. It was a wonderful kingdom, ethical, spiritual through and through, where every man loved God supremely and his neighbor as himself; where every man was the brother of all the rest, and did to him as became a brother and as a brother alone." Such a kingdom universally established cannot coexist with poverty. As well say that a circle is square or a straight line crooked. Now, it is not meant by this that the world's wealth will ever be equally shared. That is a false hope. For as humanity is what it is there will always be some who will possess more than others; or, if you please, be richer than others. But there will come a time when there will be no necessity—mark what I say—no necessity for poverty to be the lot of anybody.

There is that necessity to-day, and in the four quarters of the earth you can hear the bitter cry.

Moreover, we should expect that if poverty is not always to exist it would gradually disappear. Such is the case. The clear tendency of the race is in that direction; salaries and wages are higher, the hours of labor are shorter, and luxuries are found where they were never found before. There are fewer poor to-day than ever, and yet the lowest stratum is a disgrace to a Christian civilization. Wherever the principles of Christ are even moderately obeyed, either by individuals or communities, there is a plain guide post, telling the road out of this wilderness of poverty.

A necessarily rapid glance at three steps in the march which mankind has made reveals how surely poverty is disappearing. The Hebrews enacted laws in behalf of the poor hundreds of years before Christ. These laws forbade olive trees being shaken but once by their owner, the remnant of the fruit being for the poor; strictly enjoined that all the grapes in the vineyard were not to be gathered, but some bunches left hanging for the poor; made it illegal for the farmers to reap the corners of their harvest fields, requiring these parts to be reserved for the poor. "Take what is left," said the law, "or go without."

Such a law passed against the wheat raisers of Dakota or the peach raisers of New Jersey would start a fire of revolution, even among the poor.

St. Chrysostom's picture, drawn several hundred years after Christ, of long lines of beggars before the church doors, clasping the knees of the rich, who, when within the sanctuary, feared lest also their pockets would be picked by the thieves who swarmed even there, would not be accurate to-day, except possibly in the miserable Moslem city on the Bosphorus. Skip again several centuries of misery, and two hundred years ago in England only one-fifth of the population applied for public relief; and still further until now, in good times, only one-thirteenth apply, and in bad times only one-tenth. I understand, of course, that this is pauperism.

Whatever truth co-operation, socialism, single tax, the nationalization of land and the other schemes for ridding the world of poverty have, depend upon it, they rest upon the basal rock of a regenerated humanity. So, in bringing in this kingdom of God which shall banish poverty, what shall the power be? What only can it be? Spirituality. This causes a smile, no doubt, but it is, nevertheless, the mightiest dynamic on earth.

It is the one word which indicates not only the possession, but the practice of those great virtues which belong to the race. It is the real imperium in imperio.

Only when this marks every living being the true Christian brotherhood, which will not suffer poverty to be, will come. That is the Christian doctrine.

And the church otherwise will fail in her mission. It is remarkable how prominent this thought of the poor is in the gospels. One might almost conclude that the church must labor in their behalf alone. The almost sad poverty of Jesus, the instructions He gave the twelve when they were to start on a mission, the frequent words He uttered in the presence of the rich in behalf of the cause of the poor, and the commendation He manifested, both by word and deed, of this class of people, all indicate the very core of the work which the church had to do and has yet to do.

Is, then, the church to fail? Is it to make all the social and political turmoil necessary while struggling for the rights of the poor and behold only defeat in the end? For one, I should be mortified to admit it.

The work is, in a sense, a military work, requiring assault and charge, weary campaigning and tedious besieging. "Think not," He said, "that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Strange words to be uttered by the Prince of Peace. Peace through the sword; that is His doctrine, and it will never come to this travailing, groaning earth as long as one case of necessary poverty exists. It is a sword that cuts deeper and smoother than the famous sword of Joan of Arc, with five crosses engraved on its shining blade. It is not the sword of Mahomet, which "is the key of heaven and of hell," and whether wielded to the death by the fanatical Moslem in the forts of Kheibar or behind the gates of Arcot, wins eternal forgiveness of sins and immediate entrance into paradise. It is mightier than the sword of Cromwell, though perhaps to-day in only every tenth man's hand. It is the two-edged sword of the spirit, with which He cut directly athwart the sacredotalism and imperialism of His age, and which He is still driving with terrific force straight through human thought. In the tumult of earth's fierce battles for the poor and oppressed you can see it glisten and flash.

Wherever greed fattens, wherever monopoly thrives, wherever wrong is on the throne, wherever injustice plots, there that sword is thrust in. And it cannot be sheathed until the full price of peace is paid, one large item of which is that poverty's sad lament shall not be heard anywhere, any more.

Rather this than the contradictions of His revealed power and purpose. I submit that to declare that these or any other evils are always to sadden the heart of humanity on earth—on earth, I repeat—savors of treason to the Master. Am I indulging you and myself in a pagan dream? Listen. In Athens, during the time of Solon, there was not a single case of poverty. "In those days," says Isocrates, "there was no citizen died of want or begged in the streets to the dishonor of the community." Shall a divine Christianity confess that it cannot accomplish what a heathen paganism accomplished? Or is the time coming when not only in Athens, but this round world over, there shall be no poor? This, the genius and spirit of Christianity emphatically declares, shall be the case.

Not only to our rulers, but to everybody in that day, life will be "one grand, sweet song," and death a glorious paean of victory. It is coming, and that man is blind and deaf who does not see and hear the signs around him every day.

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SPEARING PICKEREL.

Winter Sport on La Pleasance Bay—A Story for Boys.

Rob Campbell was all in a glow of excitement over the preparations for his favorite sport of spearing pickerel though the ice, and he could scarcely wait till the hearty lunch was stored in the basket, and all his wraps and traps gotten together from the four corners of the house by his mother. It was the first real cold day since vacation began, and Rob had long been watching the thermometer with cloudy brow, and longing for the weather to grow cold enough to risk moving his fish house down to La Pleasance bay, where as many as fifty other fish houses were located. Rob generally went all alone, but this time John Graham, a young boy from the city, in the interior of the State, was going to accompany him, and mischievous Rob anticipated not a little sport at the inexperience and ignorance of his city friend in everything pertaining to outdoor amusements. John was a shy, book-worm sort of a boy, and it required some persuasion on Rob's part to induce him to go. The two boys finally started with the square box of a fish house, which ran on runners and was pulled by the old horse, Blackie, as far as farmer Adams's, who lived on the bay. Here Rob put the horse in a warm barn, and the two boys then dragged the house two miles further down the bay, where the fishermen settlement was. After selecting a good site the boys cut a hole in the ice, shoved the house over it and banked it up solidly with blocks of ice and snow.

"How clear the ice is," exclaimed John. "One can see the grass plainly, and even the fish swimming by."

"The ice is mighty pretty, and it can make music, too," Rob answered. "Just wait a while and you will hear cracking and splitting which is as loud and sudden as a cannon."

Opening a little door in one side of the shanty, Rob entered and told John to follow and sit down on the bench which extended across the room.

"What a jolly little stove that is," John cried, as Rob opened a tiny stove which stood in one corner and made a rousing fire in it. "But why do you keep your house so dark, Rob?"

"Why, John Graham, don't you know that the fish won't come if they see a ray of light?" Rob answered in comical disgust. "Just see how tight and dark my house is; even the chimney hole is covered with lime, and I have lined the hole through which the spear handle passes with chamois leather, so that the spear will work easily up and down. I don't believe there is a house on the lake that can compare with mine, even if I did make it all myself," he added proudly.

"That is why the walls and ceiling are painted black, I suppose," John remarked, after carefully inspecting the interior of the "shanty."

"Oh, yes; the inside must be perfectly black, and the only hole in the entire house is in the roof right above the water, which is made to allow the spear to pass through. You know my spear handle is fifteen feet long, and the shanty being only five by five, we must have a hole to make room for the spear."

"Do we frighten the fish off by talking?" John suddenly exclaimed.

"Yes," Rob answered, laughing. "They have splendid hearing, though they can't boast of as big ears as yours, and you must not utter a whisper after they begin to bite at the decoy."

John accordingly sat down in the corner, and watched Rob with wide open eyes as he played his decoy, and adroitly reproduced the many evolutions of the fish swimming in the water. The shy book-worm was so ignorant of the simplest facts in the ordinary boy's sports, that Rob longed to guy him a little, but it seemed too bad to take such mean advantage of his innocence, and, with a really commendable effort, he restricted himself to telling John some large fish stories, of the hauls he had made, and the enormous size of the fish. As no pickerel appeared after long and patient waiting, John could not resist the temptation of asking more questions of Rob, who had inspired him with genuine respect for his wide and varied knowledge in the out-door sports, of which the studious John knew so little.

Rob Campbell was sixteen years old, and as merry, and mischievous, and dauntless a lad as could be found in the town of Monroe. Skilled in every manly sport and hardened by out-door exposure in his long skating and fishing expeditions, he could not understand John Graham's gentle and retiring manners, and there was mingled in his good-humored treatment of him just a shade of contempt. John was sixteen, too, but he was many years ahead of Rob in his studies, being prepared to enter the university, while Rob was only a junior in the High School. The two boys, by some mysterious affinity, were good friends, and Rob laughingly explained his friendship on the ground that he was going to show John what "real fun" was, and "turn him from a sickly bookworm into a live, active boy." "John is a good fellow," he stoutly maintained, "if you only get down below his crust of silly, girlish ways. He has the real stuff in him, and I am going to show him that Latin and Greek won't make a man. He must have muscle, and courage, and firmness in his make-up; then he will succeed."

"Did you make that decoy yourself, Rob? It is a neat piece of work," said John, breaking through the silence, and taking a tiny wooden fish from the bench and holding it up in view.

"Oh, yes; money is not quite so plenty around our house that I can afford to spend it on decoys, when I know how to make them just as well myself. You see, John," Rob continued, in a grave, didactic way, "the decoy has to be just so or the pickerel won't take it. I whittle mine out of soft wood about four or five inches long, weight them well by filling with lead, paint them pale green, then add eyes and tin fins. Then if a fellow knows anything about playing a decoy he is sure to spear his pickerel."

Just as Rob finished this discourse a large fish darted past the hole and made a frantic dive at the decoy, which Rob quickly turned so that it faced from the fish, and appeared to be swimming off. The pickerel disappeared out of sight, then swimming slowly toward the retreating decoy, stopped within a foot of it, and remained motionless as though charmed to the spot. This was the critical moment, and Rob sent his spear with relentless energy into the fish's head. It stuck, and both boys burst into a loud hurrah.

"Come, John, now is your chance to do something," Rob cried excitedly. "Open the door of the shanty, and help me put the spear with the pickerel outside."

John complied with pleased alacrity, and the two boys, after closing the door as tight as possible, braced themselves against the wall and pulled the spear in with all their might and main, till a sound told them that the pickerel had dropped off on the ice.

"It will freeze as stiff as a poker in five minutes," Rob exclaimed, as John began to pity the suffering of the fish. "It's a big fellow, isn't it?" he continued, eyeing the shining proportions of the fish. "It must weigh seven pounds."

"You must let me try my luck after a while, Rob. Won't the fellows be astonished at home when I tell them that I have been spearing pickerel?"

"You bet," Rob answered, chuckling to himself at the strides his pupil was making in the knowledge of fun and sport. "But let us begin again, and try to add a few more to our friend on the ice."

"All right," said John, and the two boys took their places in the shanty. After half an hour had passed in silence and expectation, Rob's steady perseverance carried the reward, for the fish began to decoy lustily, and ten fine pickerel soon shared the fate of the first one. Then some perch came in a school and Rob let John try his luck, which continued to smile upon the fishermen, for John, to his own amusement, drew in a perch and succeeded in landing it safely on the ice. The cold was still intense and Rob was kept busy cutting the ice from the hole, as it rapidly closed over. The thermometer, which Rob had fastened near the roof, pointed to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, while in the corners and on the floor it was freezing all the time.

"There goes a big fellow," John whispered excitedly to Rob, as a large fish appeared in the clear water.

"Oh, my," in a tone of disgusted surprise, "that's a dog fish, a miserable thing which we fishermen all hate. I've some stones here which I keep on purpose to throw at these rascally intruders, when they come along and muddle up the water and frighten away the gamey fish." With that, Rob aimed a small stone at the fish, which hit it plump on the head, and it dashed away with a hoarse, croaking sound, something like the bark of a dog.

"Well, that does sound like a dog," exclaimed John. "No wonder they are called dog fish."

"They don't amount to anything, you know," continued Rob, "but they are such big fellows that it is worth the trouble to spear one once in a while, just for the fun of the struggle. Last winter, brother Lang speared one weighing twenty-three pounds and he had an awful time getting it in. That was the day that I nearly froze my feet, when the blizzard overtook us as we were skating home, and we got lost on this side of the bay. But brother Lang is a powerful skater, and he pushed me along when I got tired, and carried all the fish besides."

"Now I wish that I had spent more time in play, and less on Latin and Greek," John said, meditatively, and sighed, "for then I would be stronger and bigger than I am, and I guess I would know as much of useful things in the end." Which lugubrious remark Rob greeted with a shout of laughter, saying: "We boys don't generally study so hard in Monroe that we regret it; but then, you are different, you know, and I suppose it does seem a pity never to have had any fun like other boys. But don't lets moralize any longer," said Rob, rising to put the trap door over the hole. "We earned a good dinner, I guess. I am as hungry as a bear and we may as well lay out the festive lunch. Stuff the stove while I get the coffee and set the table."

Speaking thus, Rob took down from a shelf a can of condensed milk, a dish of luscious looking baked beans, a mince pie and various other substantials dear to a hungry boy's stomach. The coffee was soon boiling and the two boys ate their dinner with gusto. After dinner the boys put on their skates and, locking their house, started with their fish for farmer Adams's, where old Blackie, the horse, was awaiting their arrival, doubtless, with eagerness. The fish proved a heavy load to drag, and it was almost dark when the boys reached the farm house, cold, and pretty tired with their day's sport. They entered and warmed themselves by the old fireplace, while the good farmer was harnessing Blackie to the sleigh. The ride in was bitter cold and the fine snow blowing in their faces seemed to penetrate into every nook and corner of John's shivering frame, but Rob only clapped his hands now and then across his chest, and laughingly declared this was just the weather for him; it couldn't suit him better.

Arriving at home the boys found a warm supper awaiting them, to which they did justice and afterwards drawing around them an admiring audience they told their experiences of the day and showed as trophies the long string of shining fish.

LESTER E. CAMPBELL.

Indianapolis.

Wabbles on His Handlebar.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Since bicycle riding has become common among members of Congress they have a new expression descriptive of a man who is not fixed in his opinions or steady in his purposes. They say of such a man that he wabbles on his handlebar. The expression was first made use of in this figurative sense in speaking of a certain presidential candidate. It was said that he wabbled on his handlebar. When a man is suspected of trying to get on both sides of a question he is said to wabble on his handlebar. The member of Congress who is erratic and flighty, never taking a steady course in anything, or one who is lame in his logic, and gets confused in his arguments, they say wabbles on his handlebar. There are lots of such men in Congress, and the figure of speech is pat. It sums up all nastedness.

A SIOUX GIRL'S VANITY

SHOWN IN SOME CURIOS IN A PENNSYLVANIA-STREET DEN.

An Interesting Collection Gathered by an Army Officer on the Frontier.

The cozy room in the well regulated home is the "den." Here the man of the house is allowed to smoke without fear or molestation. To it are brought all the most comfortable chairs. The lounge is there and the light swings low, where it may readily be used for reading. The privileges of the den are almost unlimited. It's open at all hours and is never expected to be in the prim and immaculate order of the company room. Its style of decoration is wholly unlike that of any other room in the house. This decoration may be of the odds and ends of furniture, which began its career in the utmost respectability. In the den new things are out of place. Collections of various kinds may be brought in for its embellishment.

When the visitor is a familiar friend it is not long until the hostess and caller find themselves in the less formidable surroundings of the den and the choicest morsels of gossip are enjoyed, just as one likes to hold a chicken bone in the fingers when there isn't company for dinner.

In a North Pennsylvania-street house there is a den which probably has as unique a lot of articles to make up its furnishing and ornamentation as any in the State. The couple who dispense the hospitalities have passed a large part of their married life at army posts of the frontier. The Indian has been their friendly visitor and their unfriendly neighbor. The walls of this den show signs of both. Some of the articles have been presents; some have been bought; others have been picked up here and there, from the land of the Apache, the Navajo and the Mexican. One of the wedding gifts was a Sioux war club. There was no note of explanation with the gift to enlighten the couple as to its appropriateness. This war club has a handle about three feet long. At one end there is a buckskin noose, which is slipped over the wrist of the rider when out on the warpath. At the other end there is a heavy weight of red clay or sandstone. This clay is found in Pipestone county, Minnesota. The club is used to brain a man when he is down. The Indian swings it with terrific force and the one hit probably never knows what hurt him. Attached to the club by a dirty calico string is a single feather. It looks ordinary enough, but it means that the Indian who carried the club took a scalp with it. Every feather on a war club counts a scalp. Hanging on the same hook with the club is a knife, an ugly looking weapon. There is a strong wood handle, and set firmly in one side at right angles is a long pointed blade that would pierce the very vitals if thrust at a man.

The little bit of history connected with it means much. The man of the house which has the den, who may be called captain, for short, took the knife from an Indian who had threatened his life just after the Custer massacre. Had not the captain been dextrous the knife which now hangs peacefully on the wall of his den might have prevented his ever having such a place in which to enjoy life in the calm atmosphere of the Hoosier capital.

CLUB AND MEDICINE BAG.

Attached to another war club is a medicine bag. This is always an accompaniment of the Indian when he goes to any place of danger, such as on the warpath or out hunting. Before starting the Indian goes to the medicine man and gets an herb, or he goes to the mountain, where he makes an incantation, and believes it is revealed to him what herb or stick to take. The herb is tied in a piece of calico and attached to the war club. If the Indian is successful he keeps the bag of medicine, and often has the same old dirty rag for years; but if he is unsuccessful, the next time he goes on the warpath or hunting he goes through the performance of the incantation again and gets another herb. One of these medicine bags was opened once and was found to contain a few leaves of wild sage.

The end-of-the-century maid may well be happy that she is not a Sioux belle; not because the Sioux belle cannot dance the two-step, ride a bicycle or know the delights of ice cream soda, but because she does not have to have her ears pierced in order to wear the Sioux belle's earring. This ornament is not a gem set in gold or silver and fastened through the lobe of the ear by a gold thread. The earring secured from a belle of the nation of red men reaches from the ear to the belt. The upper part is a strap of leather about an inch wide. It is decorated with brass tacks and shells. Below this are two thongs of rawhide, around which colored beads are wound. At the extreme end are a couple of dog ears, with the hair left on. The length is about eighteen inches. It is fastened in the ear by a large brass hook about two and a half inches long. To accommodate the hook the ears are split sometimes in three places—just inside the curve at the top, along the outside edge and in the lobe. The ceremony of splitting the ears used to occur at the sun dance, which is now obsolete, and was performed on the little children any time from the age of two weeks upwards. A large butcher knife was run through, and the two or three cuts were made. By having so many cuts earrings of all kinds could be worn.

Hanging on the wall is a pair of moccasins that were once worn by the famous chief Spotted Tail, presented as a token of gratitude for a box of chewing gum. These moccasins are of buckskin and are decorated in geometrical designs with beads of all colors. The soles are made of par fleche, or rawhide, and are very stiff. Even in traveling over rough stones, thorns and hard country the soles last a long time. The Apache has not waited till within the past few years to get a pointed toe for his footwear. He had it before the twentieth century was thought of. The Apache has a pointed toe, but it was fashioned for use, and not for supposed adornment.

The little girl of the plains has to be amused as well as her North Meridian-street sister. Her toys are not subject to duty in the United States customhouse and her dolls are not from Paris or Germany. From a point of vantage on the east wall of this den the White mountain Apache doll may see the Indiana sunset. This doll is one which Miss Dorothy might call a rag doll. If she did she would not be exactly correct, for the doll is of buckskin. On her feet are buckskin shoes, with long, pointed toes well turned back over the toe. She is dressed quite after the Apache mode. She has a gay yellow calico dress that is only surpassed by that of her model, who has seventeen widths of calico in her skirt and seven different kinds of trimming between the hem and the belt. Her corsage, in plain, everyday Indian parlance, is a dancing shirt. This is of buckskin and it is heavily fringed. From many strips hang little tin ornaments, which make a noise with every movement. She does not rustle as she walks, but she makes her presence known just as much as if her skirt were lined with silk or stiffened with chamois fibre. The grand climax to the toilet is the bead-dress. This, too, is of buckskin, but it is most elaborately decorated with beads. In all